AN OPERA HOUSE'S ELEGY.

4 TOUCHING AND LEARNED FAREWELL TO THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

intecesces of the Great Singers and Charming People and Customs which Once Ornced the Now Doomed Home of Opera.

The Academy of Music is to be sold! The scene of so many lyric triumphs, the home of fashion twenty-five years ago, the resort of the York is to be closed; converted into a beer garden, perhaps, or a German theatro; given over to purposes of which its projectors and owners never dreamed. Within those walls I heard the farewell of Grisi and Mario to America in "Lucrezia Borgia." There the sumptuous queen of tragic opera waved those arms which it was said were the same that the Venus of Milo had lost, and, with a grace and passion and dignity that have never been equalled since, hurled the imprecations and ac-cusations of the Druid, or implored for the life of Gennaro, with a superb majesty and pathos that made the infatuation of Forrara credible. There the greatest tener of our time warbled out the dying strains of Edgardo or the love notes of the "Spirto Gentil" to enraptured au-diences. The final scene of the "Favorita." when Grisi crouched and crawled at the foot of the cross, and then arose in the rapture of love as Mario dragged her to him, and both sang the inspiring notes of the finale, equalled in dramatic power and passionate expression anything seen or heard on the modern stage. This was the culmination of Italian opera. The rendering of such artists was as indispensable to the masters of song as the instrumen-tation of to-day is to the embodiment of Wagner's idea; but singers like these produced effects of exquisite expression and melodic do-light not surpassed by the greatest triumphs

in the German harmony.

Not only Grist and Mario have left their memories in Irving place. There the "Hugue-nots" and the "Trovatore" were first pro-

Not only Grisi and Mario have left their memories in Irving place. There the "Huguenots" and the "Trovators" were first produced in America. There vestvall, the Pole first sang the notes of Azucena to a New York addence, and with her fine presence and marked the place and with the fine presence and marked the place and the place and presence and marked the place and place a

word accomptermed to all in the

eiegant women were accustomed to sit in the parquet and balcony in opera hasts and light-colored cloaks, a costume often as effective as full dress, but which is no longer known, and which gave the whole audience a brilliant effect as different as possible from the analysis of the proper were far better the control of the proper were far better the consider its representatives. Great authors like Bancrott and Irving; great lawyers and judges; composers like Fry and Bristow; men of national fame in politics were as abundant in New York society as in these days they are rare; and all went to the opera. They even went to the charity ball; for this was one of the events than made the old Academy of Musical States of the control o

tion; there is always a halo when you look back. But for all this I insist there was a dis-tinction about New York fashion that has not entirely remained. There were more men of

tion; there is always, a halo when you look back. But for all this I insist there was a distinction about New York fashion that has not entirely remained. There were more men of importance to be seen.

Now the really important men of New York are not in society. Society "is composed, not of people whom society wants, but of people who want to be in society. There is infinitely more wealth and display, and infinitely less that attracts cultivated and refined men and women. These are thrust aside by the throng, or frightened by the impossibility of keeping up with the show, or disgusted with the success of vilgar ostentation; or they find, so little to interest their tastes or reward their exertions that they keep aloof, and society is not good company; it is a pascent at which those who danceland dress and dine sumptuously congregate for their own purposes.

There are, indeed, as many charming people scattered about New York as elsewhere, or ever; but the elements are so rarely crystalized. You find one interesting or distinguished man at this house, one fascinating or elever woman at another; scarce any hostoss has the art to bring a room full of them togother. Yet anybody who knows New York can think of holf a dozen women with fortune and acknowledged position, with wit and culture of their own, who might have made their houses centres of as brilliant a society as exists anywhere in the world, but they have been too timid; they call it exclusive, but timid is the word. They dared not ask those they would have liked, for fear they themselves might be the subject of talk. But they have not known their own, own empty that they have not known their own power. Mankind still, as in Pope's day, is "born to be controlled."

There are crowds of bright and cultivated women in New York society to-day, old habitues and new comers; of the Kniekerbocker families, and they don't care for a dinner every night, no matter now sumptnous, unless the company is as choice as the culsine and the talk as good as the wine, The result

ADAM BADEAU.

LAMPASAS JAKE'S SERMON. A Cowboy Revivalist in New Mexico who

FARMINGTON, N. M., Feb. 20 .- Lampasas Jake, the cowboy revivalist, returned here a week ago, after a protracted tour through the northern camps, and began preaching to such crowds as would listen to him. Some of his recent experiences may be understood from the

cent experiences may be understood from the stories that he tells.

"Up on the Northern Pacific two weeks ago," he said in one of his sermons, "I saw a man who had sat in the car right ahead of me jump up quick and start for the mountain side. He ran like a deer. The thermometer showed that it was 30° below zero, and we all knew that any man who ran to the mountains in that weather was doomed to death. So we went after him. At first we couldn't gain on him at all. He couldn't have gone any faster if a pack of Indians had been after him. Finally we caught him and took him back to the cars, where we found that he was crazy. It had come on him ike a flash, and he had no time to see the doctor about it. If we hadn't overtaken him where would he have been now? Just where you felers will be if you don't take a tumble as quick as he did. You have got to skin right out like a wild man for the mountains if you expect to be saved. At first we couldn't gain on him at all. He

lers will be if you don't take a tumble as quick as he did. You have get to skin right out like a wild man for the mountains if you expect to be saved.

"When I was up on the Yellowstone talking to the cowboys I saw them cut holes in the ice, and then preify soon a lot of cattle would come down through the snow belly deep and reach out their long, bony necks for a drink. On top of the ice the snow was four feet deep, but where the holes were there was water twice that depth and running like a mill race. Now, did these cattle creep up there softlike and nose around and paw and try the ice and look back and whimper and say they would come again some other day? Not any. They just rushed right up to the holes, and some of them were so eager to get at them that they slipsed and fell into the stream, and were carried along under the ice in the twinkling of an eye, Glory! glory! That's what I like. When I see you fellers as eager to get at the water of salvation, and when I see some of you swept under and carried away, then I shout louder yet.

"Down in Wyoming, just before Christmas, there came up a cold rain that froze as it fell, and the grazing was mighty hard. Some of the sheep, I went along. There were Bicker's boys, and Jewett's boys, and Leggett's boys, and they all knew their brands. When they saw one of their own sheep disabled or suffering they just took him up and piled him into a wagon and carried him back to the ranch. But there was once in a while a sheep that didn't have any brand on him, and what became of him? I know and you know. Every one thought that he belonged to somebody else, and he was left to rustle for himself. No shepherd for him, you bet. He just lay out in the rain and shivered, and what brand are you fellers wearing this season? Have you got the cross on you, or are you roaming around without a brand? You'll run into a cold rain yourselves one of these nights when the clouds will

shepherd for him, you bet. He just lay out in the rain and shivered, and when he crosked no one cared for him. What brand are you fellers wearing this season? Have you got the cross on you, or are you roaming around without a brand? You'll run into a cold rain your-selves one of these nights when the clouds will be dark and the ground cold and icy, and who'll you belong to then?

"Over in Virginia City the other day some robbers set out to hold up a man who was going along with what they had been told was a big bag of gold dust. They wnited for him on the highway until they saw him coming, and were on the point of jumping on him when one of them saw another man coming right behind him who had a great deal heavier load. He's the man, they said, and so they let the man with the rather light burden go and wasted for the one who was tolling along with as heavy a load as he could stagger under. When he came up where they were they mounted him, and what do you suppose they got? Nothing but a lot of low-grade ore that he was taking, into town to have examined. The man with the light travelling bag had the gold dust after all. He that hath ears to hear let him hear. Not the man who has the most cattle or the most gold or the most silver, but the man who has the least righteousness, is the one who has the least righteousness, is the one who has the least righteousness, is the one who has the least trouble in the world. The cattle and the gold and the silver weigh him down powerfully, and attract the attention of the devil and all his hosts, while the man with righteousness goes along unsuspected and unharmed.

"In the Guanison last fall a man named will form jumping to a light. He hadn't had one in three weeks and he felt hungry. Ten minutes after that I was preaching his funeral scromon on a side hill. He had had his light, and it was one that would last him for all time. Now I say to you, what I said to the survivers there, that when a man stands out as a sinner he is only inviting the devil to come down on him.

"On

The Chinese Theory of Medicine.

The Chinese Theory of Medicine.

Pront the Globs-Democrat,

According to Kwong Shan, a Chinese doctor in St. Louis, by the Celestial theory of medicine, which pariakes much of the nature of their theology and pariases much of the nature of their theology and pariases much of the nature of their theology and pariases much of the nature of their theology and pariases much of the nature of their theology and pariases. Satura, Jupiter, Mars, Venus, and Mro dog, which are supposed to have influence over the five viscera—stomach, liver, heart, lungs, and kidneys; that there are five elements in man, earth, wood fire, metal, and water, corresponding with five colors, yellow, green, red, white, and black, and these related again to the five tastes—sweet, rour, bitter, pursent, and salt. The combination of the blood and the breath, they hold, constitute life, and the withdrawal of one of these means death. With all this fanctial theory there is also woven into the system, in a manner utterly inexplicable, the beat of the search of the standard of the standard water of the search of the standard water of the search of the search

FOUR BAD MEN OF THE WEST.

SAT MASTERSON, DOC HOLLIDAY, LUKE

SHORT, AND WYATT EARP. Appearance, Manner of Work, and His-

tory of these Citizens of Nerve and Extra-ordinary Quickness with the Gun. EL PASO, Texas, Feb. 16.—When Luke Short, a bad man with a record, shot Jim Courtwright, another bad man with a record, at Forth Worth recently, he reduced the professional killers of the West to a quartet. The list stands at present, in order of precedence, Bat Masterson, Doe Holliday, Luke Short, and Wyatt Earp. There used to be more but the same wise Providence that disinmore, but the same wise Providence that disin-tegrated the Jesse James gang and distributed it among the cometeries, penitentiaries, and dime museums of the land, has elected that bad men eventually kill each other. Thus the supply has been kept ahead of the demand. The interest that attaches to these men is purely transitory; a dead killer is as quickly forgotten as a knocked-out puglist, but the qualities of nerve and desperation that brought them to the surface in a country where everybody carries a "gun," and people go to glory every day without a benediction or a bootiack, stamp them as rather extraordinary characters. Bat Masterson first became a border celebrity through this paper, in which a correspondent rehearsed his pedigree some years ago. Since that time more has been written about him than all the other three put together. He is the Maud S. of man killers. Nobody has ever owered his record, but he claims that the

or the contract of the contrac

his killings took place. His record was made in Arizons at about the time Doe Holliday distinguished himself there and since that time he has lived in that Territory, Texas, and New Moxico. Personally Earp is tail and slim. He has red hair, and wears one of those long, drooping moustaches in which a section of the beard is worked in to bring lito the edge of the jaw. He is the last of three brothers. Territorial vendetta having disposed of the others. Of late years Earp has been a gambler. His last exploit in that line was at Tombstone, Ariz., where he turned up with a Chicago sport named Hamilton and a couple of companions, and shortly after began playing faro with phenomenal success. The party won so much and so regularly that it was soon apparent that they had some sort of advantage over the game, but what it was nobody was able to discover. They nearly broke up gambling at Tombstone, and the games were finally barred to them. It subsequently leaked out that the edges of the cards had been marked, and were read by means of a convex mirror attached to the sleeve of a man who sat next to the dealing box. He guided the others by his bets, and as he only played a few chips at a time he was not suspected. To those who understand the cheerful game this explanation will be reasonably clear. Since this episode Earp has not figured much on the surface.

MAKING LOVE IN MEXICO.

Not to be Compared with the Way we De

Mexican ladies seldom go out without some one of the family or a servant. They do not have gentlemen visitors. There is no retunes for a gallant youth to burn the midnight oil or gas at his prospective father-in-law's expense. If a young man has been acquainted with a girl from childhood, or by some accident is allowed to visit the family and becomes a lover, he is immediately forbidden the house, and must centinue his courting as best him is allowed to visit the family and becomes a lover, he is immediately forbidden the house, and must centinue his courting as best him is allowed in the self-court in the court of the court of the court of the house, and must centinue his court in a self-citied him is allowed the self-citied him is a self-citied him in the self-citied him is a self-citied him is a self-citied him in the self-citied him is a self-citied him

MEXICAN SCORPIONS.

Enpleasant Little Pests Whose Only Virtue is Their Liking for One Another.

From the Boston Transcript. The most common pests in Mexico are the alearans or scorpions, for during certain seasons of the year they are as numerous as flees around a sugar house. They are within the cracks of the wall, between bricks of the tiles of the floor, hiding inside your garments, darting everywhere with inconceivable rapidity their tails which hold the sting, ready to fly up with dangerous effect upon the slightest provocation. Turn up a corner of the rug or table spread and you disturb a flourishing colony of them; shake your shoes in the morning, and out they floor, throw your bath spongs into the water, and half a dozen of them dart out of its cool depths, into which they had wiggled for a sleeta; in short, every article you touch must be treated like a dose of medicine—" to be well shaken before taken. The average storp in the store in the storp in the store in t

HOW TO SHOOT WITH A RIFLE.

THE OLD RENTUCKY STYLE AND ITS MODERN MODIFICATIONS.

Why It to Better to Know How to Shoot in a Second than in Half an Hour-The Ger-man Method-The Sure Way to Hit. In the palmy days of Creedmoor no man was better known on the range than Jim Con-lin, the rifleman. He was a coach for the teams and instructor for individual shooters, having acquired by lifelong practice and study a great deal of valuable knowledge concerning rifles and ammunition, and how to use them. Many important improvements in cartridges and guns were made by the manufacturers at Conlin's suggestion, and often it was only by con-stant hammering at the makers that he could induce them to adopt any new ideas that involved costly changes in their machinery. Nearly all the great modifications have originated with the shooters and not with the makers, and the old American long range team had great influence in developing the science of marksmanship. The veteran has given up long-range shooting, but still talks instructive

ly about handling firearms. What can you tell about the methods and



"I can begin by telling how to stand while shooting," he replied. "Some men spread their legs and brace themselves as though they were about to meet the charge of a bull and try o stop him, but the right way is to balance the ody easily upon both feet, and have no muscles strained or rigid. The Kentucky style of offhand shooting was the right thing, and hasn't been improved upon. Let us go back to the old original Kentucky shooters of the Daniel Boone type and see how they shot, for they were the first accurate riflemen in the world, and rifle shooting may be said to have been born in the backwoods. Here is a genuine Kentucky squirrel rifle. The barrel is forty inches long—ten inches longer than the sporting rifle of to-day—and there is metal enough in it for a crowbar. The whole piece is four feet eight inches in length and weighs about twelve pounds. The stock runs the whole length of the barrel, same as a musket, and there is a brass box in the butt for patches. It takes a strong man to hold such a gun to his shoulder offhand, because the barrel is so heavy forward. Old Kentuck didn't hold it that way when he could find anything to rest it upon. When he wanted to draw a bead on a redskin he loaked for a log or a sapling to rest the barrel against. Powder was powder in those days, and it didn't pay to waste a shot. When there was no sapling handy, the Kentucky hunter made use of his ramrod. He always had a hickory ramrod that he whittled out himself, and was as proud of its perfect shape and finish as a fisherman is of his fancy bamboo fly rod. He would take the ramrod out and hold it in his left hand, with one end against his hip, so as to make a brace to support the weight of the rifle and steady his arm. He would do some pretty fine shooting at short range. The Kenucky rifle carried a bail 32-100 of an Inch in diameter, the size of our modern 32 calibre, and was loaded with not over 60 grains of powder, and 20 rods was considered pretty good range for accurate shooting with it offhand. In loading, a linen patch was used to cover the ball and take the grooves, and as there was but little friction, the ball came out smooth and had a low trajectory at short range. Elevating sights were unknown then, and the shooting with flat sights was virtually point blank, but anywhere inside of fifty yards it was unsae for a squirrel to show his head to a Kentucky rifleman. It was necessary to clean the rifle after every shot, because the powder in those d Daniel Boone type and see how they shot, for they were the first accurate riflemen in the



FOUTY RODS FOR A TURKEY.

"Now we get down to the Kentucky style of shooting with a modern sporting rile. The first thing is to stand creet, feet near together, body easily balanced. Grass the fore end between the left thumb and forcilinger at a point just a trifle forward of where the riffe will balance. The right hand grasps the stock so that the barrel, hand, wrist and forcarm are in line, the same as in holding a pistol. Raise the but to the shoulder so that the curve will just fit, not resting the lower point of the butt against the shoulder as some do. The riffe then falls into the palm of the left hand and the ends of the fingers just touch the right side of the barrel. You don't draw the rifle toward you with the left hand at all, but merely support its weight, with the cibow in a vertical line exactly under the barrel. The right cllow is raised as high as the top of the car when you drop your cheek against the ball of your thumb, bringing your right eye in line with the sights. The right hand draws the rifle firmly against the shoulder, and the forcilinger presses, not pulls, the trigger. The Kentucky method of taking aim is to raise the muzzle in line, and shoot when it gets up to the right elevation, although a few shoot on the drop. That is the style of shooting adopted by the best offiand riflemen of the world—the American frontiersmen of the past—and I have taught it for a great many years. An old Kentucky method of shooting at the world was to hold the rifle butt against the shoulder, muzzle pointing vertically to the ground, keep the eye fixed upon the mark, and raise the rifle, with the butt as a pivot, quickly to the line of sight.

"The plainsmen of to-day hold a rifle different conditions, and no doubt their style is best adapted to their needs. They extend the left arm to full length without rigibility, and grasp the barrel well out toward the muzzle. This gives better control over the barrel in shooting at moving objects, and the principle is the same as in trap shooting with a scatter gun. Dr. Carver shoots in thi



DER SCHUKTZEN RORNIG.

riffeman has a handle about six inches long which he attaches to the under side of the rifle just forward of the guard. The end of this contrivance resis in the pelm of his left hand, and in that way he gets a better hip rest without bending his body so much, and at the same time raises the barrel to the level of his eye. Of course some German riflemen shoot in the American way in this country, but the method I have described is peculiarly German, and is adhered to by schuelzen corps as a rule.

The approved military style of holding a rifle comes nearer to the Kentucky than any other, the principal difference being that the right elbow is not raised higher than the shoulder. The left hand may be anywhere forward of the lock-plate, but the best position is at the point where the gun will balance on the palm of the hand. It is better forward than back of that point. If the point of support is too far back, the weight of the barrel is increased by leverage, and a totally unnecessary amount of strength wasted in resisting the tendency of the barrel to drop. The extra strain upon the muscles is linbe to cause unsteadiness and trembling, and a very little movement of the arm will spoil the aim. The German style would not do for a soldier at all. Having a gun that kicks like a mule, he must follow the Kentucky lidea of holding it firmly against his shoulder with his right hand and forearm.

From the four methods described, which contain all the main principles of off-hand shooting, there are innumerable variations depending upon individual notions and habits. Some shooters support the rifle with the thumb and fingers of the left hand under the trigger guard, some stick their left elbows out on a level with the barrel, and some get themselves into all manner of awkward and strained attitudes. During the last ten years a race of target shooters has been developed in this country, and the roal, practical rifle shooting has been neglected. Most of these bull's-eye hunters never shot at anything alive, and do not understa



a fellow to go through the motions of aiming two or three times. A rifle is a weapon and it is made to kill with. If not used to kill either

It wo or three times. A rifle is a weapon and it is made to kill with. If not used to kill either animals or men, it becomes a mere plaything. To kill game or shoot soldiers in battle, a man wants to fire quickly and accurately, and to do that he must hold the rifle in a position that will give him the best control over it under all conditions. The object of target practice is to give facility in the handling of the weapon, not simply to make dents in the centre of an iron plate, and the best practice is that which comes nearest to the real thing.

"Shooting at the word is first-rate practice. It trains the eye and the hand to work together and gets the forefinger into the habit of pressing the trigger at just the right moment, of the clow, and keep the eye fixed upon the mark. If you can shoot with both eyes open, so much the better. At the word 'Fire' bring the but to the shoulder quickly and raise the barrel until the sights are in line with the mark, pressing the trigger as soon as you see them in line. You must shoot after the word 'Fire' and before the counter finishes counting three like the tick of a clock. With practice he rife. rel unto the trigger as soon as pressing the trigger as soon as lim. You must shoot after the word Fire and before the counter finishes counting three like the tick of a clock. With practice the rifle will come into position instantly, the eye will telegraph to the foreinger that the aim is right, and the finger will press the trigger unconsciously. Men who practice this style of shootsciously. Men who practice this style of shootsciously do more accurate work at the word

and the finger will press the trigger unconsciously. Men who practice this style of shooting can do more accurate work at the word than in taking deliberate aim, and they will lire when the counter says 'One.'

"Another good plan is to take a repeating rifle—a Winchester, for example—and try to put as many shots as possible into the bull'seys as rapidly as the gun can be fired. Try for accuracy liest and rapidly by degrees. It is well to vary the mark and not shoot at a round black bull'seye all the time. Fire at swinging balls, suspended bullets, white objects, things of irregular shape and neutral color, and then have somebody toss up balls or blocks of wood and shoot them on the wing. It is not so difficult to hit glass balls in the air as some people fancy. That kind of shooting, as performed in the shows, is nothing but a fake. The ball is thrown from an old-fashioned Bogardus trap, that tosses it casily and on just the same curve every time. The shooter draws a bead on a certain point on the screen, and when the ball comes into line he lets her go. More than that, these fake shooters don't use bullets. Here is one of the Wild West style of Winchester cartridges. You see it is a brass shell filled with bird shot. That kind of ammunition is made to large quantities at the



factories for these phenominal riflemen. Carver actually shot bullets his first season, but it was unsate, and he adopted the shot cartridge finally. No man with a bit of sense in his head would fire rifle bullets round as Buffalo Bili pretends to do. He might kill somebody a mile off after smashing a glass bail in the air. These wonderful feats of shooting glass bulls from horseback with a rifle bail are actually performed with bird shot that scatters over a space of several feet. Any fair wing shot couldn't help smashing the balls.

"The worst thing about the range rifle shooting of to-day is that it has run into a modified kind of gambling—shooting for trumpery medals—and the real fan and sport of the thing is lost sight of. The target shooters are after glory and prizes, and that makes them selfish and unsociable. The Germans are about the only shooters who have a good sociable time at a match. They take their wives and children along and make a picuic of it. After the shooting they have their lunch and beer and enjoy themselves, and their chiles hold together. In the hundreds of rifle cluits that were formed here a few years ago the social feature was neglected. Judges, lawyers, doctors, tallors, shoemakers, rich men and poor men, all toined the same club. That sounds democratic but the clules were not so democratic but the clules were not so democratic as they seemed. The Judge didn't want the tailor to talk to him on any subject but shooting, and the peor main was made to feel that it was only his rifle that the rich man wanted to associate with, and so the clubs fell to pieces. Mug hunting has had a bad influence on the sport, and has driven away from the ranges the men who like rifle shooting as an amusement or as practice for hunting."

STATESMEN WHO CAN COOK

FINE DISHES THAT MEN OF INTELLECT ARE ABLE TO PREPARE

oe Blackburn on Mud, Sceretary Bayard's Terrapin Stews, and Col. Henry Wat-terson's Wonderful Chafing Dishes.

"Do you know," said the Hon. Joseph Boanerges Blackburn, to the Hon. Danyell Webster Voorhees, one night as they sat sip-ping their coffee and smoking their cigars. after a most comfortable dinner at Chamberlin's in Washington, "do you know that what has struck me most forcibly regarding the attainment and the creative powers of these Eastern fellow citizens of ours in their discovery of the wonderful capabilities of mud-dark, oozing, slimy mud, Mr. Voorhees-for producing the most exquisite of toothsome and delectable delicacies for the table."

"What are you driving at, Joe?" asked the Tall Sycamore.
"Why, sir, think of the revelation of palate

titiliating delights we have just enjoyed, and

the best of them came from mud. We had

some of our Kentucky mutton, to be sure, and

that I had always been taught to believe could not be beaten in the world. For mutton it can't, because you can't raise Kentucky grass anywhere else. But now let us reflect upon this dinner. First we have oysters. they but a mud product? I have seen them as they were eliminated from their oozy beds. and as their outer covering comes from the water it drips with slime. How comes it that these one-sensed things manage to ex-tract from the muddy bottoms of the ocean their exquisite flavor? Then there was that salad, concected of crabs. These, like their cousin the lobster, are a mud product. Then there was that almost ethereal, subtle flavor, like a true perfume here and there and everywhere, but yet so evanescent, that is developed by stewed terrapin. What is a terrapin but a mud turtle? It lives in and it lives on mud, and mud of considerable disagreeableness of consistency, too. And yet if you and I didn't know that this reptile converts mud into the most perfect of all flavors we should regard the man who so assorted as a modern Munchausen. The can-vasback duck owes its flavor, and the reliability of that flavor, to mud, for it devours the wild celery which has drawn its sap and flavos from the mud of Chesapeako bay. Eels, properly prepared, Senator, were a dish that the Roman epicures did not disdain; yet these reptilian fishes exist in mud. The toothsome clam, of which I most heartily partook when last in Boston, draws life and flavor from mud, and I am told that in some portions of New

clam, of which I most heartily partock when last in Boston, draws life and flavor from mud, and I am told that in some portions of New England they make a most succulent greens from a mud plant known as cowello."

And so the honorable Senator went on with all that wonderful command of vocabulary for which he is most justly famed. He had doubtless been led into this reflective state of mind by Mr. Voorhees (whom Mr. Blackburn at informal moments calls Danyell). The Indiana-Senator had suggested that if he were to begin life over again, backed by his present experience, he would be tempted to learn the profession of cookery. Mr. Voorhees has often experience, he would be tempted to learn the profession of cookery. Mr. Voorhees has often expersessed some astonishment that Americans have so slighted this art, for it is his opinion that a cook is an artist, and a great inventive cook a great artist.

And yet there are many Americans of resonwn at the bar, on the bench, in the pulpit, and great fulminators of editorial thunders bolts, who have achieved success with the spir, the oven, and the griddle, and Mr. Voorhees would not be obliged to look very far to find some able artists of this sort among his famous friends in Washington. Mr. Voorhees never tasted a more consummate chaling dish of oysters than his warm friend Col. Henry Watterson can prepare. Indeed, it is not unlikely that Mr. Watterson could charm some men into humble submission to his views by itempting them with this viand, prepared by himself, whom his able editorials would not convince. No mainter ever mixed his colors more delicately than Mr. Watterson combines the relied crackers, the oyster broth, the oysters themselves, and the proper brand and quantity of Madeira; and to see him bended over the challing dish, stirring the mixture, regulating the pale flame of the alcohol lamps, his face enveloped in the fragrant steam that arises, would tail not to suggest some alchemist striving to solve the mysteries of prophecy. And the best of it all is the

guests enjoy.

Senator Edmunds makes a soup that is said

Senator Edmunis makes a soup that is said to be unequalled for delicacy, and he can prepare a beef tea that would make a professional smack his line, and the Sonator sometimes recreates a mind worn out with subdicties by taking off his coat, putting on the man and vermont recipe. It comes forth from his hand a transheent, quivoring mass of sweet solidity, and his friends are in doubt whether he most enjoys preparing it or eating it.

The late Assistant Secretary of State and present Associate Judge of the Court of Claims, John Davis, is a muster hand at preparing a planted shad. About the time when a livelier iris changes on the burnished dove Mr. Davis makes up a party to go down the Potomac and est planted shad. At is his hand that preparing a planted shad. It is his hand that prepared to planted shad. It is his hand that prepared to be planted shad. It is his hand that prepared to subtle and delicate attention to condiments he is masterly. President Arthur, who knew what good cooking was, and who could cook as well as kill a saimon, used to say that any man could be a Judge, but John Davis alone could dook planked shad.

How much Senator Mahone's exhilarating mint judens and his inimitable cooking of sweethroads had to do with his success as a politician, who can culf? The Sonator has a control of the planted with the hand has subtle and his inimitable cooking of the planted shad. It is his success as a politician, who can culf? The sonator has a control of the prepared had to do with his success as a politician, who can culf? The sonator has a control of the prepared had to do with his success as a politician, who can culf? The sonator has a control of the prepared his his his cook of the recipe public, and that a secret and delightful part is kent to himself.

If Gov. Tom Waller could only find clams in Eugland, what a revelation he would give the beci eaters of the oelights of clam chowder properly prepared! The little Governor's chowders are not be the history of the prepared his would any thin the prepa